

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

UNPUBLISHED POEM BY GEORGE HERBERT.

Gratulations Lord, how shall I know
Whether in these gifts Thou dost see
An Athou art everywhere;
Or rather so, as Thou alone
Tak'st all ye lodging, leaving none
For Thy poor creature there.

First I am sure, whether bread stay
Or whether Bread do fly away
Concealment Bread not me.
But yet both Thou, and all Thy train
Be there, to Thy truth and my gains
Concealment me and Thee.

And if in coming to Thy feast
Thou dost come first to them, yf shows
The host of Thy good will.
Or if that Thou dost wait on me,
In bread and me, the way Thou takest
Is more, but for me still.

Then of this also I am sure
That Thou dost all these pains endure
To abolish Sin and Woe.
Creatures are good, and have their place
Sin only, which doth all defile
Thou dost drive from his seat.

I could believe an Impatience
At the rate of an Impatience
If Thou hadst died for Bread.
But that Thou made me to Thy feast
My flesh, and fleshly vanity
That also made Thee die.

That flesh is there, mine eyes deny;
And what should flesh but flesh deny?
The noblest sense of life?
If glorious bodies pass the sight
Shall they be food, and strength, and might,
Even there, where they do die?

Into my soul this cannot pass
Flesh (though exalted) keeps his grass
And cannot turn to soul.
Body and mind are different spheres
Nor can they change their bounds and mere,
But keep a constant pole.

This gift of all gifts is the best,
Thou dost feed the least of Thy best;
Thou dost feed the least of Thy best;
Give me not that I had before,
Give me that, so I have more,
My God, give me all Thy feast.

WHAT IS MAN?

H. KING.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or the flight of eagles;
Or like the fresh spring's ready hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water float;
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid, to-night.
The wind blows out, the light dies,
The spring ebbs, the star is shot,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The light is past—and man forgot.

Complexion clear as polished wax;
Her tongue as sharp as carpet tacks;
Her eyes a dark, bewitching blue;
Her voice like silver, and high-toned too;
Her neck like Annie Laurie's swan;
Her words would I love to dwell upon;
Her teeth are pearls, clear and white;
You'd almost wish your ear she'd bite.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The Mississippi state lunatic asylum is full;
so the legislature will continue to occupy the
state's house.

Composition by a little boy—Subject:
"The Horse." "The horse is a very useful
animal; it has four legs—one on each cor-
ner."

A missing man was lately advertised for
and described as having a Roman nose. He
will never be found. Such a nose as that will
never turn up.

Senator Logan's home organ says that Logan
is indispensable in congress. If that is
so, let us have Oliver, who is an improve-
ment on the general. (Boston Post.)

A young lady who had lately given an or-
der to a milliner for her bonnet, said: "You
are to make it plain, but at the same time
smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

"Murder is a very serious thing, sir," said
an Arkansas judge to a convicted prisoner;
"it is next to stealing a horse or a mule,
sir; and I shall send you to state prison for
six years, sir."

"Did you execute this instrument without
fear or compulsion from your husband?"
asked the judge. "Fear? Compulsion! He
compel me! You don't know me, judge,"—
Courier Journal.

"You've destroyed my peace of mind,"
said a despondent lover to a truant lass. "It
can't do you much harm, John, for 'twas an
amazing small piece you had, anyway!" was
the quick reply.

"A man shot in his own house" is the
headline which the western papers give to
the McNamara affair. Spilkings wants to
know if this wasn't a case of hitting a man
"right where he lived."

The New York Tribune refers to Judge
Warden's "Life of Cheese" as a "forthcom-
ing treatise on the life and services of Judge
Warden, with occasional biographical refer-
ence to Chief-Justice Cheese."

In a California obituary it is stated that
the deceased was a person of romantic na-
ture. He placed the breech of his gun in
the fire, and looking down the muzzle, de-
parted hence instantly. (Adams.)

Says an exchange: "Adams" had one con-
solation when he fell. Fifteen or twenty ac-
quaintances didn't stand on the opposite
corners and laugh at his misadventure. They
were probably too busy looking at Eve.

Habit is very strong with some people.
It was only the other day that an antiquated
matron turned to the column of births in
her favorite English paper, saying, "I won-
der if there is anybody born that I know."

Sensor Sumner has gone where proof-
readers are not known. His friends con-
gratulate themselves that he did not see the
issue of the "Cave Echo," which punctuated
his last words—"Take care of my civil
rights, Bill."

On We Prairie, near Lafayette, Ind., is a
little hut four feet high, with a four-foot
lightning rod on top. The proprietor being
asked if he was afraid of lightning, replied,
"Not a bit; but it keeps those d—d light-
ning-rod-fellers from sticking."

A pupil in the deaf and dumb asylum at
Hartford, who saw the Essex statesman on
the train bearing Sumner's remains, wrote
out this description of him: "I saw Ben
Butler in the drawing-car, and his eye
open nice, but his other eye somewhat
cross-bitten."

A correspondent of the "Winchester News"
says one of the most important acts so far
passed by the Virginia Legislature is "an act
for the protection of deer in Frederick
county," and adds: "General Washington
killed the last deer in Frederick a little over
a hundred years ago."

The National Baptist gives the following
as the epitaph on the grave of an eminent
Baptist divine and an especial authority in
caesutry, Rev. Levi Phileas, Dobbs, D.D.:

Put away the steel-bound glasses,
That the doctor used to wear;
He no longer needs their assis-
tance; he's climbed the golden stair.

A farmer was walking with a friend
through a beautiful meadow, when he
chanced to observe a thistle growing thriftily
on the opposite side of the fence. Immedi-
ately he sprang over and cut it off close to
the ground. "Is that your field?" asked the
other. "O, no; but I should leave that
thistle to blossom in my neighbor's field, I

should soon have plenty in my own." His
answer may serve as a hint to fathers and
mothers. It is of importance to them how
their neighbor's children turn out. He ar-
rived care less than thistles for his daily
teases. Boys and girls who go to the same
school, or who live in the same neigh-
borhood, catch many a trait from each other.
It is our duty, as well as our interest, to do
what we can for the benefit of our neighbors'
children.

The west is noted for its admiration of
the fair sex. An Iowa justice of the peace
refused last week to fine a man arraigned
before him for kissing a girl against her will.
"Because," as he remarked, "the plaintiff
is so temptingly pretty, that nothing but an
overwhelming sense of duty, and the respon-
sibility of its oath, has prevented the
court from kissing her herself."

A darkey was once attempting to steal a
goose, but a dog raised an objection, and
Sambro retired. The next night during a
thunder shower he attempted it again, and
just as he was on the point of getting away
with the fowl, the lightning struck close by,
and the noise nearly frightened the poor fel-
low to death. Dropping the goose, he
started away, muttering, "Peers to me dead
am a mighty lot of fuss made 'bout a com-
mon goose."

An extremely sharp and intelligent Amer-
ican gentleman from the west, once walked
into the office of Dr. C. T. Jackson, the
chemist. "Dr. Jackson, I presume?" said he.
"Yes, sir." "Are you alone?" "Yes,
sir." "May I look the door?" And he did
so. Then having looked behind the sofa, and
satisfied himself that no one else was in the
room, he placed a large bundle, done up in a
yellow handkerchief, on the table, and
opened it. "There, doctor, look at that!"
"Well," said the doctor, "I see it." "What
do you call that, doctor?" "I call it iron
pyrites." "What!" said the man, "isn't
that stuff gold?" "No," said the doctor.
"It's good for nothing—it's pyrites." And
putting some over the fire in a shovel, it
evaporated up the chimney. "Well," said
the gentlemanly man, with a woe-begone
look, "there's a widow up in our town has
a whole hill full of that, and I've been and
married her."

Prof. J. Lawrence Smith, of Louisville, is
said to have been the first person to bring
the subject of cremation before the American
people. He delivered a lecture in New
Orleans twenty years ago, in which he fa-
vored cremation, and described a plan for
furnaces in which to burn the dead. Mr.
Ellis H. Schaub, however, is the present
head-center of the innovation, judging from
a recent speech in New York city, in which
he deplored the "annual waste of millions of
bodies which ought to fructify the earth."

It is astonishing to note the immediate ac-
ceptance which this idea finds and it is a
good proof of the peculiarly receptive condi-
tion of the progressive American mind.

In Ohio there were 30,479 marriages in
1869, and 2,349 in 1873, and in that time the
population had increased more than a quar-
ter of a million. This gives a proportion in
1869 of 1 to 12, and in 1873 of 1 to 11.
The inhabitants of that state need more
Robert Collyers to lecture to them on
"clear grit."

HOW "CHEAP SHOWS" ARE PAID FOR.

WHY A VARIETY THEATRE CAN BE RUN SO
ECONOMICALLY—THE SALARIES OF TEN
YEARS AGO AND OF THE PRESENT—WHAT
SPECIAL STARS GET A WEEK.

In speaking of the greater economy with
which a "variety" theatre can be
"run" compared with one of standard char-
acter, and of the present salaries of special-
ists, the New York Times says: In the first
place, the manager is never bored about new
pieces and authors' royalties. The performer
supplies his piece or sketches for the salary.
Then the scenic adjuncts are not necessarily
expensive, because few variety performers
need more than an ordinary "interior" or
"exterior" set as the frame-work of his or
her picture. Wardrobe costs the manager
little, as most of the artists, being specialists,
have their own gear. Machinists, stage help
and superintendents are also fewer at the
Olympic or Comique, under the present re-
gime, than they are in any other kind of
theatre. The only expenses of the manage-
ment of moment are the performers' salaries,
the orchestra, general help around the
house, and advertising. Take, for ex-
ample, the Metropolitan Theatre, and we
find that the orchestra, at \$20 a
week for each player, and \$50 for the leader,
costs about \$200 a week. The help, includ-
ing scene-shifters, carpenters, painter, and
assistants, draw salaries amounting in the ag-
gregate to \$300. The performer's salaries
are the heaviest part of the expenses. A
competitive statement of what they get will
probably be the best indication of the in-
creasing popularity and importance of va-
rieties. To begin, then, song and dance
men twelve years ago received from eight to
ten dollars a week; now they range as high
as seventy-five dollars a week. Comic
singers of every class did not receive more
than twenty dollars a week at that time, and
indeed, Tony Pastor, who was a very great
attraction during the war, thought he was
doing well when he received twenty-five
dollars a week. Now, Miss Jennie Hughes
receives \$50 a week, and Annie Adams,
two years ago, \$150.

IRISH AND NEGRO DELINEATORS

Never got more than \$25 in the good old
time of '63 and '64. Even the famous "Billy
O'Neill," estimated the best Irish low com-
edian in the business, only commanded \$25 a
week. This season Sam Ricketts gets \$125 a
week at the Metropolitan, John Hart, the
negro comedian, \$150. Add Lyman received
last week for five years ago; now he gets
\$75, and all those great voices of the last
politicians, Dan Shelby, Hogben Dougherty,
Slocum, and other renowned stump speak-
ers, said their smartest and wittiest things
for \$20 a week. They would not "back up"
short of \$100 now. Then there are Neise
and Barney, and Eph Horn, the veteran who
talks plantation dialect nightly for \$5 a
week; and the Mulligan Guards, Hart and
Harrigan, march across the stage for fifteen
or twenty minutes nightly for \$150 a week.
Master Barney dances or plays an Irish
washtubman part for the moderate sum
of \$125 a week, while Johnny
Wild, the East-siders' "pet," dashes
about the stage for something less than one
hundred and fifty dollars a week. Yet he,
in 1869, was proud to earn \$25 a week at
the "Art Union," No. 48 Broadway. Leav-
ing the delineators, we come to the utility
men. These never drew more than ten dol-
lars a week in former days. Now they get
\$50. Light comedians, too, who are really
good actors, get \$50, and earn more money
and reputation than they could in more pre-
tentious establishments. The acrobats and
trapezists draw very large salaries. For ex-
ample, Leona Dare and her husband get \$150
a week in New York, and \$200 outside of it;
the Jackley family, \$350; Lulu, \$1,000; Ala,
\$150; the Wilsons, 150, and the Mainwells
family, \$150. At least, the last named were
engaged in England three years ago by Mr.
Butler for \$100 a week, and after they made
their appearance here he let them out to
other managers at \$500, making by the
transaction a two hundred dollar a week
himself. The Berger family of bell-ringers
get about eight hundred dollars a week, and
other specialists receive all the way from
one hundred to five hundred dollars weekly.

A WINTER TWILIGHT'S MEMORY.

Once more I stand beneath this spreading beech,
Where talking, dreaming, loving, we have lain;
Now art thou gone beyond thought's utmost
reach,
Beyond the joy we knew, the love, the pain,
On the dim, dark way.

The problem is resolved for thee, but I,
Crushed, questioning, despairing, still remain,
And nothing will I do but wait,
Is love so weak thou dost not heed my cry?
Is memory so vanishing, so vain,
That death wipes all away?

Oh, cruel secret, with thou never be told!
Oh, torturing Nature, that wast once so bliss,
Vouchsafed in love to us,
Why hast thou kept those joys of old,
Those hours and days of vanished happiness,
To sting me with their loss?

Let me forget! Oh, blind these eyes that look
Foreverward to that happy past,
Behind her grave that lies!
Oh, hold not up that sad, pathetic book
Of love's sweetest hours! In that book I have been
Those torturing memories.

Let me forget! Ah! how can I forget?
And what were life without that tender pain,
So deep, and oh, so sad?
No; rather let those sorrowing eyes be wet
With endless, useless tears, than ever again
With heartless smiles be glad!

The blast among the moaning branches grieves,
And frozen is the laughter of the brook—
Death on the cold earth lies,
All fallen are my joys, like these that live,
Through whose green haunts of song and shimmer
I hear the sweet, sweet voices,
Of olden melodies.

SINGING.

I ask not of the poet's gift be mine,
Though in mine ear and heart sweet music
rings,
Makes life a thing half sad and half divine;
I ever sing but for the love of singing.

The wood-thrush asks not whether his strain
Of nightingale, thrush, or minstrel of the moun-
tain;
Not 'tis his choice, or love-taught pain,
That bids him warble by the hidden fountain.

Not his the song that thrills, thrills, commands;
Not mine the great, glad rapture of the poet
Heard like a trumpet over far-off lands;
I sing, alone, not cared though none should
know it.

But if the traveler, faltering on his way,
Sees water glimmer where the boughs are
parted,
And rests, and dreams, scarce listening to my
lay,
May he not grow a little lighter-hearted?

HORRORS OF STARVATION.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

FIGURES CONCERNING THE DISTRICTS SUFFER-
ING FROM THE FAMINE—SCENES TO BE WIT-
NESSED—MEANS TAKEN FOR RELIEF.

The correspondent of the London Times
writing from Calcutta under date of Febru-
ary 27th, thus speaks of the famine:

"My next letter," he says, "will probably
be from the heart of the black famine tract
in north Tirhoot. Meanwhile my local cor-
respondence and the Eleventh Special Nar-
rative of the Bengal government up to the
15th, issued in a slightly mutilated form by
the government of India several days ago
late for last mail, show that while, since
Sir R. Temple's deputation to Behar, govern-
ment has begun to grapple with the
suffering, the difficulty of doing so
increases every day."

The three districts north of the Ganges—Saru,
Bhupur, Tirhoot, and part of Bhagalpore
—Saru has always been considered the
least exposed to distress. It was wedged in
between the Gora and the Gunduck rivers,
and the principal portion of the water by
the Ganges also, at its county town of
Chupra, the three great streams meeting a
little below that station. Thus the problem
of transport there ought to be com-
paratively easy. Moreover, the spring
crop has been and is more promising
than in the withered rice lands to the
north. Yet one of the officials whose duty
it is daily to see that the 80,000 or 90,000
starving people already on the road are re-
lieved, and who is daily in the villages and
among the people, writes to me thus: "The
fields are literally burned up, and the peo-
ple are coming on the roads in thousands.
The higher castes are coming on, too, very
much. There is no rain, the sky is bright
and clear, and prices are gradually creeping
higher. The people are eating the standing
crop and giving it to their bullocks. An
old man, eighty years of age, told me the
other day that he never saw such a
gloomy prospect. Things are really becoming
serious. I am very much afraid, despite the
extensive of the population, ten per cent.
of the population will die of starvation be-
fore October next." Saru is the most
thickly-peopled part of Behar, containing
more than 2,000,000, or 778 to the square
mile. Yet, on the 12th, Sir R. Temple com-
municated to his neighbors that he was much
less critical than that of his neighbors, since
that date he has raised his estimate of

THE NUMBER TO BE PROVIDED FOR
to 250,000. Since that date 5,000 maunds
(eighty pounds) have been sent to Chupra
every day. Going north to Chupra, we
find the corner between Nepal and the
Gorakhpore district of the northwestern pro-
vince more exposed to suffering, by the con-
fession of the Bengal government, than even
the northeastern portion of the province.
Rannigee is spoken of as the post
of danger for the young civilian who is to
save the people there till the next crop. Sir
R. Temple found the state of the people to
be "very bad," and expects to have to feed
400,000 of them in the worst times. But
Chupra causes less anxiety than Tirhoot,
because relief was provided for in time by
the planters themselves. So early as No-
vember, when my telegrams to you began
to be gloomy, they formed a co-operative
association for the import of food, to be sold
cheaply when the crisis came. These
planters are not only doing their duty to
their own district, but are helping Tirhoot.
My correspondence from the Sastamurhee
and Mudnabone subdivision of Tirhoot
shows how terrible the need was there a
week ago, and how energetically Sir
Temple is meeting it. In the 15 days be-
tween his departure from Patna, on the 26th
of January, and his return on the 12th of Feb-
ruary, he traveled 40 miles through a country
which is comparatively roadless, and the
most tracks of which are now so cut up by
the relief carts that the drivers often prefer
the fields. Writing on this day week, and
passing hastily through the country, my
correspondent saw no distress which he
could call "severe," but the signs of coming
wretchedness are everywhere. Men, women
and pigs grubbing together for roots in
the fields; the violent rob-
bery of houses and stores of grain,
till the well-to-do Zemindars tremble
for their boards, and even their lives, like
Hatto the legend, frequent fires which
grain is supposed to be hid; mothers de-
serting their infants or offering to sell them;
emaciated people on the roads, and unfor-
tunate beggars, who went so far as, on two oc-
casions, to growl at Sir Richard Temple
when taking food from the carts; abandoned
babies fed with arrow root; Rajpoots, and
even low Brahmins, driven to the work;
people of all ages and both sexes crowd-
ing to the works. But all are provided for.
My correspondent writes: "I believe that the
poor little babies and some few individ-
uals whose pride and prejudice will prevent
them from seeking assistance, and whose
isolated cases it may be impossible to ascer-
tain. Every effort is being, and will be made
in their behalf. I have just been visiting a
nursery established by the 'Goodwill' of
this village, where there are now six sucking
infants who are fed five or six times a day
with arrow-root and milk. Such poor, mis-
erable,

LITTLE PARINGS OF HUMANITY
I never saw before! But since they have

been taken into the nursery they have
thriven wonderfully. Search is being made
for others in like circumstances." But for
the government relief these cases would have
been much more numerous. It is impossible
in such a country, and with a people who
are so ignorant, timid, and caste-bound, that
they should not occur under the best ar-
rangements. Sir George Campbell has sanc-
tioned at once every order of Sir R. Temple,
and you may imagine the liberality of his
orders when I say that the lieutenant gov-
ernor publicly expresses a doubt whether
relief on so very liberal a scale is within the
means of government—whether it may possi-
bly not be beyond the means of a great
government to feed such a popu-
lation. No money or labor is being
spared in the attempt, at least, but the gov-
ernment of India lost a month at
starting, and that makes all the difference
now. Sir George Campbell has now asked
for 32,000 tons of grain for all the distressed
districts, not including Nepal, nor a reserve
of 20,000 tons which the lieutenant governor
wishes to keep for—ominous fact!—the
eastern district. I am sanguine that the
extraordinary efforts of the government will
really take this grain to the worst localities.
What has been done, and what is being
done, is a record of the most heroic and
keep great mortality of all the many small
starving men being prepared can pour in food
when the rivers rise in June." The Daily
News correspondent at Durbungah, under
date February 20, writes: "Among the
public relief works which have been under-
taken in this subdivision for giving employ-
ment to the destitute classes of the famine-
stricken community, is the construction of
a new road from this station in an easterly
direction to Buhayra, a distance of about
twelve miles. I was informed that at the
Durbungah end of this work, and within a dis-
tance of some two miles from the town, up-
ward of six thousand persons—men, women,
and children—were employed, and that at a
rate of remuneration which sufficed at least
to avert physical deterioration from want
of food. It seemed to me that an in-
spection of this industry would afford a
pleasant relief to the scenes of misery which
presented themselves with such relentless
persistency before my eyes as I sat in my
tent on the Maidan of Durbungah finishing
the letters which I sent you last week. It is
noisy and going to work cheerfully with the

MOAN OF MISERABLE STARVING
constantly in one's ears. Whenever I looked
up from the paper there stood or squatted
before me outside the open door of the tent,
some half dozen, hollow-eyed, emaciated
women, begging for food to keep them
from starving. If I called for the char-
prassie to 'move them on'—for to work
within sight or hearing of them was impos-
sible—they went patiently away with the
charprassie, and I never saw any more of
them gone than others came. Learn
mothers came, and laid down little children,
that lay prone on the grass, as if they
were dead, for they were too far gone in
starvation to stand on their wasted little legs,
and proved that they were not dead.

Wretched old women, starved
and starved almost out of human semblance,
trotted over the grass to lay prostrate out-
side the tent, and pray for relief while their
gray hairs trailed among the dust. The air
was full of the dull, monotonous howl
in which the women were making a march
at eventide echoes with the creaking
of frogs. We rode forward upon
the new road, the construction of which
is remarkably good; the work, if slow, has
certainly not been wasted. There met
a continuous stream of people, men, women
and children, returning from the works to
ward the town. It was not 4 o'clock, and it
occurred to me as strange that the day's
work should be all appearance be over so
early. In answer to my question, Mr. Henry
told me that by reason of the defective
permanence the people employed did just
what they please, came early and left
late, or came late and went away
early as seemed good to them. Certainly it
was obvious that very early in the morn-
ing they started to go away early. After
riding about half a mile, we reached an open
field on the side of the line of road. There
are two trees, under one of which sat a
native accountant, with a ledger; under the
other a native cashier, with a cash book and
a pile of uncounted copper money on a cloth
beside him. Around these two calm methodi-
cal officials, close about whom a few native
police men kept a ring with their sticks,
there thronged a dense mass of people, num-
bering 2,000 at the very least. We had
heard that the work was approached, but this
was nothing to the din that assailed us as
we rode up. The people crowded in upon
the horses kicked regardless of the risk of
being kicked or trodden on, imploring with
clashed hands, shouting at the top of their
voices

WHINING PITIFULLY
in feeble accents, some of the women wep-
ing silently. It was a strange spectacle—
the punctilious methodical baboons on their
benches doing their little business in a march
in quarter and half farthings, with grave,
unmoved deliberation; outside the circle
around them the close packed throngs, with
drawn faces and eager eyes, praying for the
bits of copper which would keep them from
starvation, praying for the money which they
had earned, but which they could not
get by reason of the red-tape punctilious
of the circumlocution office. I felt
my wrath stirring at the deliber-
ate baboons—though they were doing
their best. Why was I taking so much
myself, should the payment of all this multitude
be charged upon two men when ten payment
counters would be none too many? I felt
only, if I may use the expression, through
my eyes, and ears helped me nothing, in ig-
norance of the language. But the crowd
surged and clamored around Mr. Worsley
every man, woman and child, with the same
parrot-like phrase on their lips, I saw that
his brow grew dark and his lips quivered.
"My God," he asked of Henry in a low
carnest tone, "my God, is this true?" "Yes,
it is," was Henry's reply. "What think
you, was it that was true? What was that
phrase which came parrot-like from
every thin lip, while every gaunt face and
withered eye swore to its truth more strongly
than the most earnest words? 'We have not
been paid for four days.' The miserable
did not waste words in asseverating that
they were starving; the most emaciated of
them were allowed to come to the front, and
the skeleton forms told that part of the story
with unpleasant plainness, while the expla-
nation was furnished in the doctored grating,
and when you knew its meaning, the mad-
dening utterance, 'We have not been paid
for four days.' For myself, I could not speak; I felt tongue-tied,
partly with awe, in the presence
such a mass of gaily suffering, partly
with wrath too deep for words against the man
more responsible for a neglect so hideously
loquacious. There was a tremor in Mr.
Worsley's voice as he said to me, in a low
tone, 'We had better ride on.' On we rode
in silence through the gnat-infested starva-
tion. We were to escape from that
knell-like clamor 'We have not been paid
for four days.' It struck the ear in every
key. Big-framed, square-shouldered men
thundered it at us with a ring of menace.
Feeble beings, sent at us with meekness,
in which nevertheless, there was a
tone of upbraiding reproach. The
miserable children piped the hateful chorus
in feeble accents in which already there was
the pitiful tenacity of fast-approaching
death. But worst of all to hear were the
silent ones—the creatures who seemed abso-
lutely to lack strength to call out, but who,
as they squatted, making pretence to beat
embankment with a twig for a rammer, or
past this sham of labor, lay huddled under
the mango-trees, looking up at us with their
breaking silence, with watery, fading eyes,
and faces that were drawn as one has seen a
face on the deathbed.

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